TO IMMORTALIZE

THE NOBLE MEMORIE OF THE

right honourable young Lords IAMES and CHARLES Egerton, both Vicounts of Brackley, both onely Heires to the Earledome of Bridgwater, and both onely ſonnes to that Noble Earle, by his gracious and Princely Ladie, Frances Counteſſe of Bridgwater, a fruitfull branch of the ancient houſe of Darbie, and Noble familie of the Spencers.

ABRAHAM DARCIE Conſecrates theſe French and Engliſh verſes to their Eternizing and worthy remembrance, wiſhing to the third Lord Vicount of Brackley now liuing, Neſtors long and happie yeares, and all proſperitie to all that illuſtrious and religious Familie.

FAire beames of ſhort continuance, yet moſt bright,
If your wiſht luſter, and deſired light,
Hath had too ſudden and vntimely end,
Such deſtiny doth on faire things attend.
A morning is the Roſes chiefeſt prime,
And flower-de-luces dye in blooming time.
There's nothing that is permanent on earth,
The Sunne whoſe operation gaue you birth,
And did produce you in this worldly ſtage,
To be reformers of this vicious age. (true,
That ſplendent lampe as time will proue it
Shal haue his ſetting, looſe his light like you.
It is a lucky chance in ſtormes and wind,
If neare the ſhore we do an harbour find,
For ſince neceſſitie doth ſo ordaine,
That our fraile ſhip muſt periſh in the maine,
It's beſt, when as ſuch ſhipwrack ſoone betides,
Ere a ſharpe rocke haue ſplit her wodden ſides.
Faire fires, when I your palled aſhes ſee,
All I can do, is to blame deſtinie:
And to condemne the fatall vniuſt ire,
Which would not ſuffer me as I deſire,
To pay vnto your life that ſeruice, I
Do now performe to your dead memorie.
Euen as the Salamanders do expire,
Taken a litle from the ardent fire,
And liue beſt in the greateſt heate of flame,
So your rare Beauties, whoſe admired frame,
Drew nouriſhment from heau'n, here ſoone did die,
Being ſo farre remoued from the skie. (die,
Either your molds ſhold haue bin leſſe diuine
Or elſe your formes eternally ſhould ſhine.
For the more pleaſure that a worthie thing
Vnto the mind of any man doth bring,
When thereof one doth the fruition loſe,
Griefe ſtronger is, and teares are more profuſe.

BEaux Rayons plus clairs que durables,
Si vos lumiers deſirables,
On eut leur fin en commençant,
C'eſt le Deſtin des belles choſes.
Vn matin eſt l'aage des Roſes,
Et les Lis meurent en naiſſant.
Icy long temps rien ne peut eſtre,
Le beau Soleil qui vous feit naiſtre,
Duquel en ſiecle ſi meſchant,
L'Orient vous fut neceſſaire.
Subiect à la reigle ordinaire,
Comme vous aura ſon couchant.
Ceſt beaucoup d'heur quand il arriue,
Qu'on trouue le port dés la riue:
Car puis qu'auſſy bien le vaiſſeau:
Doit perir, ceſt noſtre aduantage,
S'il aduient qu'il face naufrage,
Auant qu'il face encore l'Eau.
Beaux Feux en voyant voſtre cendre,
Ce que ie puis c'eſt de reprendre,
La Rigueur iniuſte du ſort,
Qui n'a permis à mon enuie,
Que ie fiſſe pour voſtre vie,
Ce que ie fay pour voſtre mort.
Comme les Salamandres meurent,
Quand vn moment elle demeurent
Hors du feu, qui les fait durer,
Voz Beautez de qui la Nature
Du ciel auoit ſa nourriture,
Hors du ciel n'ont peu demeurer.
Mais vous deuiez naiſtre moins belles,
Ou vous deuiez naiſtre immortelles:
Car tant plus qu'vn bien eſt plaiſant,
Et qu'il donne plus d'eſperance,
Quand on en perd la iouiſſance,
Le regret en eſt plus cuiſant.

The Lord IAMES was borne at Yorke houſe the day of Anno 1616. and was chriſtned there, King Iames one of his Godfathers, and at the age of foure yeares three dayes he returned to heauen parting from this world at Bridgwater houſe the 20th day of Anno 1620.

The Lord Charles was borne in Bridgwaters houſe the 5th day of May Anno 1621. and was chriſtned there, Prince Charles being one of his Godfathers, and at two yeares of age contemning the world, he followed his brother, and died at Bridgwater houſe the 18 day of Aprill. 1623.

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